

Mr. *William Fuller's*
T R I P
T O
BRIDEWELL,

With a true Account of his barbarous
Usage in the Pillory. The Characters of
the several People, who came to see him
beat Hemp, and discours'd with him. His
Repentance for Offences past. The Dis-
covery of the *Whiggs* that Employ'd
him. Together with his Reception in the
Queen's Bench.

Written by his own Hand.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year, 1703. Price 6 d.

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THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

I *T may be expected that I should say something in my own behalf, for publishing the following Sheets : Wherefore, out of Complaisance to those that know me not, without making any Appeal to those that do, I think my self oblig'd to tell them, that I am a personal stranger to Mr. Fuller, and know him no otherwise than in his Character. His former Opinions are as detestable, as his Practices, and I should not have printed the following Narrative, had he*
A either

The Bookseller to the Reader.

either kept to his old Text, or written any thing disrespectful in it as to the Government now Establish'd, whether against its Constitutions, Ecclesiastical or Civil.

But since the Resolutions of both Houses of Parliament have been put in Execution, since the Sentence pass'd upon him at the Queen's Bench Bar, has had such an Effect upon his Temper, as to melt him into a Confession of his Crimes, and an Ingenious Acknowledgment of those that set him at Work. I have all imaginable reason to conclude, that his Sincerity may be as acceptable to those that are curious in perusing Matters relating to him, as formerly his Prevarications, &c. were.

A Man that is under the Agonies of any Distemper is very apt to complain, without a due Reflection on the Irregularities of his Life, that are the occasion of his Pains, and every Minute ready to break out into Exclamations against that Hand that punishes him, which has made me trace him more closely in all his Expressions, and often fling out a Sentence that has been thought too acrimonious and bitter, for a Man under his Circumstances.

I hope his Pen, and his Heart, do no run counter with one another, and am joyful that he

The Bookseller to the Reader.

has laid the cause of his Troubles at the right Door: The Members of the Church of England have other Principles, than to mislead Men, and trump up Falsities to support a weak and tottering Foundation; and the Whiggs, who made him their Champion, and Cannoniz'd him for another Titus, a second Saviour, now from his own Words, have him for their Own, as it has been all along asserted.

As for Matters relating to the young Gentleman at the Court of St. Germain's, at present, they are all at a stand; he has bid Adieu to Politicks, and is incapacitated from being an Evidence any further in Affairs of State. He says, the Government is so well settled, and upon so sure a Basis, that it matters not whether he is proved Legitimate, or not, his Religion excluding him.

Was not T-----n taken up with his heavy Observators, and picking Holes in the sides of the Church to let Anarchy and Confusion into it; else, I durst have promised the World such flourishes, as never were in print before.

But,

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But, if I am not mistaken, the Reader will have more reason to be pleased, if I give him the Relation of Mr. Fuller's Punishment, in his own Language, which is word for word with the Original, written by his own hand, unless in some very few places where it was absolutely necessary, to make Alterations, because of Reflections on particular Occurrences.

Mr.

(1)
Mr. William FULLER

TRIP to Bridewell

Writ by his own Hand.

HAVING some time since writ and publish'd, in two Narratives, the most material Transactions of my unhappy Life, I am willing now, at the request of my Friends and Enemies, (both which I desire to oblige) to give a short, but true Account of what has happen'd to me in the Execution of my Sentence at *Westminster*, at the Court of Queen's Bench in *Midsummer* Term last, and after that in the following lines you will find the true occasion of that just Sentence, which was, First, That I should go to all the Courts in *Westminster-Hall* with a Paper on my Hat, with my Accusation writ thereon, on the *Thursday* following; and the next day being *Friday*, I should stand in the Pillory two Hours at *Charing Cross*, betwixt the Hours of Twelve and Three; on *Saturday* to stand in the Pillory two Hours at *Temple-Bar*, at the same time of the day, on

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Monday;

Monday, I was to stand before the *Royal Exchange* two Hours also, and at the Hours as before appointed; and on *Friday* following, being the third day of *July*, I was to be carried to *Bridewell* in *London*, there to be Whipt and Kept to hard Labour until the second day of the next Term, and afterwards to pay a fine of a Thousand Marks, and to continue in Prison until the said Fine is paid: According to my Sentence, on *Thursday* I began my Penance of going to the Courts in *Westminster-Hall*, with a Paper pin'd to my Hat, on which was Printed, in large Letters, these Words, viz. William Fuller Convicted for being an Impostor, and for publishing a false and scandalous Libel, falsely pretended to be Sworn by *Thos. Jones, Esq;* Reflecting on the Ministers of the late King *William*, and several Members of the late House of Commons.

I had a great crowd of Spectators following me from Court to Court, and afterwards to the Tavern I was carried to, and thence convey'd to the Queen's Bench Prison, from whence I came the next day to *Charing Cross*, where was abundance of People ready to look at me, but that was not all that many of them came for, by reason I was no sooner on the Pillory, and my head thro' the Hole, but Dirt and rotten Eggs came about my Head, Body and Leggs, as thick and fast as Hail; amongst them came several Stones, and some of them struck me, others I heard hit against the Pillory. There was indeed a great many Constables and Watch-men, and part of them did me what service they could; but others suffer'd Fellows to come even within the Ring, that they made and flung at me at their pleasure, insomuch that Mr. *Mordant*, as he boast-

ed himself, flung that day as many Eggs at me, as cost him four Shillings, besides, what others flung away that he imploy'd. I stood the full two Hours, and was cover'd Head, Face, Body and Legs, with Dirt, Horse-dung and Rotten-Eggs, &c. When they took me down I was not able to stand, but my Keeper put me into a Coach, the greatest part of the Mob following me, and were hardly restrain'd from offering me violence, altho' a great number of the Watchmen Guarded the Coach on each side, and knock'd down several of the rude Fellows. They carried me up *St. Martins Lane*, and over *Covent-Garden*, thence thro' *Queen Street*, and over *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and by *Chancery Lane* brought me into *Fleetstreet*, immagining the crowd would not follow those back ways; but my Enemies got some of my Blood at *Charing-Cross*, and then greedy Hounds, in great Numbers, follow'd me with a full cry to the *Queen's Bench Prison* in *Southwark*, where, in my Chamber I was Wash'd, and my Wounds were Dress'd, for my Head was broke in several places, and I had many Bruises which put me into a Fever. The next day very Sick as I was, I must rise, and be from thence carried to *Temple Bar*, where I saw a prodigious crowd waiting for my coming; however, I was privately enough carried into the *King's Head Tavern*, where I put on an old Night Gown, my Cap which was only of Hogs Skin dress'd (without any Iron or Steel Defence, as was commonly suppos'd) with this slight preparation for a Defence I mounted the Stage, my Head was put into the Pillory, which was very low, so that I stoop'd intollerably; but I soon felt other Pains and Smarts, for the Dirt came at me

with rotten and sound Eggs, Stones, and all manner of Dirt, Filth and Rubbish, that the Incensed Mob could lay Hands on: The Sheriff's Officers, and others, laid titely about them for my Defence, but where at last beat from their Post, and left me wholly to the Malice of the Papist, &c. who had sent all their Servants to pelt me that day, intending no doubt that I should never come alive out of the Pillory; and they had almost gain'd their aim, for the Pillory being very loose, and ready to turn round, and I being loaded with Dirt to such a degree, that I could hardly stand under the weight, and as I was standing on my left Leg, to ease my Right, which had receiv'd a cruel blow by a Stone, and another Stone striking the Pillory whilst I stood in that posture, struck the Pillory away, so that I hung by the Neck, and had been choak'd but for the care of a Person standing by, who put my Feet again upon the Stool; upon this Accident it was said I offer'd to Hang my self, but, God knows, that Conjecture was not true; however, with that swing, and being much bruised on my Head and Body with many Stones, and also stifled with Dirt and Gravel, with which my Face was not only cover'd, but my Mouth and Nose was perfectly stop'd up, by which cruelty I was almost expiring, and, indeed, hardly felt (Sensibly) any thing that struck me. I remember I felt a Person (I am told since it was a Boy) clear'd the Dirt from my Mouth and Nose, after which I was a little Reviv'd, but suddenly a great Stone came and struck me full on my Left Eye, cutting the Skin on the side next my Temple, the light dazzell'd from it, and the blow immediately depriv'd me of all manner of Sense, so that

in a short time after, as I am inform'd, I sunk down, my Feet fell off the Stole, and I hung by the Neck. I am told, during that time, a Butcher had got a Stone which he was going to fling at me, which weighed more than ten pounds; he being got very near me, and ready to fling, some that prevented him, asked what he meant by offering to fling such an unreasonable great Stone, to which he bluntly replied, That he thought I was set there to be knock'd in the Head, and he was going to put me out of my pain: But another Person, whilst I was in the Pillory, flung a Stone, which was taken up, and being weigh'd, it was found to weigh six pound, and that struck me on the small of my Back, as I stood bending in the Pillory. One of the Sheriffs Officers seeing me almost dead, and the People's Barbarity continuing to fling, tho' Thousands thought me dead already; he went to a Judge at *Serjeants Inn*, and had Orders to take me down, which they where forc'd to do from the Pillory, for I do not remember when I was taken down, but as they tell me, I was dragg'd by several to the *King's Head Tavern*, but the Door was shut against me by reason of the Croud; they say afterwards they carried me to the *Bull Head*, where a Surgeon was sent for to bleed me; but it was a considerable time after he had made an Orifice before he could make me bleed, my Spirits being as near spent as could be; for all agreed, that had I stood three Minutes longer, I had certainly expir'd in the Pillory. It was near, if not full, an Hour, according to their computation, before I could speak, or indeed had any sense of what they where doing about, or with me; after this I was put into a Coach, and laid at length,

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not being able to set upright, and so Guarded by the Sheriffs Officers to *London Bridge*, and afterwards by the Marshal's Servants to the Prison of the *Queen's Bench*, where I was wash'd and dress'd by a Surgeon, my left Eye was swelled out of my Head, and the sight gone, and all that side of my Face was in a frightful condition, my Head was broke in near twenty places, and the small of my Back was so bruised, that I could not stand without help; and, in a word, my whole Body, my Hands, my Legs and Feet, were all over black, blue, and yellow, for (such was the malice of some,) that they struck my Feet as I stood with great Oaken Sticks. This flung me into a high Fever, I was blooded again that Night, and next day: And under these deplorable Circumstances was carried on the *Monday* following, and stood two Hours in the Pillory at the *Royal Exchange*, where the Right Worshipful Sir *James Bateman* Knight, then Sheriff of *London and Middlesex*, had prepar'd a great number of Officers for my security, and caused Proclamation to be made, that no Person should sling at me on pain of Imprisonment; and for the better Executing his Orders, Sir *James Bateman* was present himself all the time I was in the Pillory, and caused several Persons to be apprehended, and put into Prison, who were so hardy as to sling Eggs at me notwithstanding the provision made to detect them, and they could not but see what a miserable condition I was in, occasioned by my former usage. There was but one sad Accident happened to me here, which was my Fainting as my Head was in the Pillory, by which I was in danger of being Chok'd, or of breaking my Neck. The Occasion of my Fain-

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ting, was the great pain and weakness of my
 Back, which Torment was then most intolerable,
 and so frequently I find it to this day. I
 was allowed to set down on the Pillory for some
 time, but afterwards constrained to stand with
 my Head in the Hole, which I could not otherwise
 have done, had not the Pillory on which I
 lean'd and hung by the Chin supported me. I
 stood here my full time, and was conducted back
 safely to the *Queens Bench*, where I continu'd
 very sick and weak, until *Friday* the third of *July* at
 Eight a-Clock in the Morning, at which time
 the Tipstaff, with others, took me in a Coach to
Bridewell, where, at our approach to the Gates of
 that famous Edifice, formerly a Palace for the
 best and most innocent of Princes, King *Edward*
 the Sixth, now a Place of Entertainment for the
 worst of Villains, amongst whom I was unhappily
 rank'd. We saw a great number of Constables
 and Watchmen ranked a considerable way
 on each side the passage without, but they did
 not know the Guest there were there to attend,
 and I, and my Guard, alighted out of the Coach,
 finding the Gates and Wicket close shut up,
 knock'd, and Mr. *Norman*, the Porter's Man, let
 us in, shutting the Wicket again immediately;
 in the Court Yard I saw but very few Persons, and
 upon the great Stairs the Porter, Mr. *Hempson*, met
 and received me on the said Stairs, and conducted
 me into the Hole, where the other Prisoners sat
 waiting their Doom, with as much Ceremony as
 an Ambassador is on a day of Audience, where
 every proper Officer distinctly performs the Duty
 of his particular station. But I was soon put out
 of the Thoughts of my imaginary Greatness,
 and let into the Knowledge of its being the Day
 of

of Execution, as well as that of Audience. I was of a sudden separated from the Tipstaff and others, and as soon as I was in that dismal Hole, the Bolts and Locks rattled upon me, the place was somewhat dark, and the Company dismay'd my very Soul, there was one old Man that wanted but 3 Years of Fourscoure, he was covered with Rags, and look more fitter for a Nurse than such a place; There was a young Man, an Apprentice, he indeed look'd the most tolerable. The rest were Boys, all Thieves and Pick-pockets, some of them sung Baudy Songs, some where cursing and swearing, some pissing and in other undecent postures. In short, I thought Hell could not be worse, and my very soul was cast down, and I was ready to faint with the prospect of my Company, and the stink of this abominable Apartment. After some time, at a great Favour, I obtained half a quartern of Brandy, and when I had been about an hour, or something more in this Dungeon, I cannot Term it no better, Sir *Robert Jeffereys*, the President of that Court, came, and the Court sat. Then the Prisoners where called for, and the poor old Man I heard was there for being found in Bed with a young Whores, two too many for the Temper I my self was in at that time; and for his Punishment had near 60 Lashes, and was ordered down to hard Labour until the next Court day. The Apprentice was for quarrelling with his Master, and sent down to Labour again. And the Pick-pockets where all whip'd, and ordered to Labour also. Then the Whores had their Penance, and at last my turn came, and being call'd before the Court, my Sentence was Read at large; then I desir'd the favour of the Court, that I might

be dealt withal as tenderly as the Law would permit, and have some allowance on Account of my Youth, for the mistakes of my Conduct, which were rather the Effects of too much Inadvertency than design, when Sir *Robert Jefferies* told me that I was sent thither by the Court of *Queen's Bench*, and being ordered to be Whipt, I must undergo that punishment, and that Court would see it done; so I was taken into the Execution Room, my Cloaths stript off, and my Shirt down to my waste, which discover'd my Bruises, particularly that at the Small of my Back, on which I wore a Searchcloth, and all the Skin about it was as black as my Hat; my Hands were put in the Stocks, and then Mr. *Hemings* the Whipper, began to noiat me with his Instrument, that had I believe about a dozen Strings notted at the end, and with that I had Thirty Nine Stripes (so that according to a certain Almanack Maker, who reckoned Dr. *Oates's* Stripes by every String I had twelve times Thirty Nine) I had given the Rascal Half a Crown but he afforded me very little favour, but struck home at every stroak; I confess I could not forbear bawling out, but good Sir *Robert* Knockt at last, and I was let out of the Stocks, and my place was immediately supply'd by Seven young Pick-Pockets, that were just then brought in for Thieving at a Fire which happen'd that Morning near *Holborn-Bridge*; I sat very pensively to see their punishment, but was very glad that part of mine was over, and whilst I was in that striping Room Mr. *Male* the Chief Beadle, came and put on me a heavy pair of Irons, which troubled me much, considering my sick and weak condition. I was then carried

before the Court again, and told them my Grievances, but alas, I had but little pity, for I was ordered down immediately to hard Labour, a practice hardly known before for Prisoners, being corrected, were seldom put to Labour until the *Monday* following. I was carried down to Mr. *Waldoe's* Shop, with a prodigious number of spectators. As soon as I came there, the Word was *Strip, pull off your Cloaths*, and with much intreaty I prevail'd to keep on my Westcoat; then I was set to a Block, a punny of Hem was laid thereon, and *Ralph Cumpton*, (a Journey Man in the Shop) presented me with a Beatle, bidding me knock the Hemp with that as fast as I could. This Beatle is of Brazel, and weigh'd about 12 pounds; but my weakness was such, that I was hardly able to lift it, but to the utmost as I was commanded I work'd until six at Night. I had that Afternoon abundance of Visitors. At the Blocks I found my Company came down from the Hole above, and working by me a poor old Man was the admiration of most People, and truly hardly one in ten would believe he was whipt for having two Whores. The Pick-pockets were very merry, and mattered not their Whipping, (which they call *Napping of it*) but would frequently entertain one another with pleasant (as they thought them) Stories, of their various Exploits; how they pick Pockets, sometimes in the Queen's Chappel at *White-hall* and *St. James's*, and commonly in Churches; but to return from my leaving Work, at six-a-clock I was conducted to my Lodging Room, which they call the Lodge, and in my way thither I was attended by a numerous Croud of Spectators, as I was indeed for six Weeks af-

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terwards, and coming into my said Chamber, I found it large, with two Windows, full of Iron Bars but no Glass, nor other Provision to keep out Wind or Weather. There were two Boys Pick-pockets, and a Thief, that was carried thence next Morning to *Newgate*, in order to be Try'd the next Sessions for his Life. I had some Friends with me, and by reason it has been confidently affirmed to the World, that I lived profusely there, I will tell you truly what I had for Supper, which was Tewlve penny worth of Veal Cutlets, and to drink one single pint of White Wine, and that was all we had that Night, I protest. I was in a miserable condition, my Eye was raging intol-erably, occasioned by the Dust that came from the Hemp ; my Back with the bruise gave me pain unspeakable , and the places made raw by the Whip, my shirt sticking to them, and being dried with the Blood which ran to the quantity of about a Spoonful in one place, and not being allowed to be dressed until Night, the misery was the greater ; my Arms where stiff, and my Shoulders in great pain with my half days Work, so I was put to Bed, and altho' most fitting to continue there, I was rais'd next Morning, and put to labour by six. In the Morning I was then put into Mr. *Smith's* shop, after a scuffle betwixt the Constable, and Mr. *Smith's* Servants, the former being desirous to have me Work altogether in *Waldoe's* shop, and the others would not lose their Masters Right, which is to have the first choice of the Prisoners every other day, for every Morning the Prisoners stand to be chose as you set Horses in *Smithfield* to be sold. In Mr. *Smiths* shop I found Christian Usage, and I was willing to work

as well as possibly I could. The spectators came pouring in upon me as soon as I was at work, and so continued coming and going all the day long. I had many that came to insult at my Misfortunes. Some few had more Chistian compassion; I was permitted to Eat what I pleas'd, paying for it my self, and had an Hour, as other Prisoners were allow'd, from Twelve to One, for our refreshment. I could eat but little, hardly two Ounces at a Meal for near six Weeks; I mean of Bread or Meat. I had, in each Shop, the Thieves for my Fellow-labourers, and the Journey-men our Deputy Task-Masters; were, frequently calling to the Prisoners, *Why don't you Work there, strike hard*; then threaten, and sometimes beat them with a small Cane. These Task-masters are so accustomed to keeping their Prisoners hard at Work, that I have heard themselves say, they have frequently (forgetting themselves,) called out, when they had no Prisoner in the Shop as before, *Why don't you work there*. The second Night I was very weary, and all my pains increased, I went fore to my Bed, which was grievous to me, for I had no part of me free from pain. The next day, being *Sunday*, I was called up 'to go to Church, I willingly got my self ready, but understanding I must sit in the same Hole with the same Company I had at my first coming, I begg'd of Mr. Hempson, the Porter, in whose Custody I was, that I might sit in the lowest Seat in the Church, with a Keeper, for the very thoughts of that place put me in an Agony, and would put me out of a Capacity of performing, the Duty I went about. He complied with my earnest Request, and I was put in a Seat accordingly.

ingly before Service began: But the Reader, I pray God forgive him, was in a great rage, and said the People would look more at me than at him, or the Preacher; Mr. *Hempson* was sent for to Dr. ———, who was in a great huff, and I was fetch'd out of the Church, and the Clerk, who is a Beadle, told me I must, and should go amongst the Thieves, and sit with them: I answered, I would rather go and pray in my Chamber; then he offered to force me, but I told him, he had no Order nor power to do so, and in plain, if he touch'd me, I would knock him down; or, to speak the truth, I was very angry at being fetch'd out of the Church, so I was carried to my Chamber without any more ado; but I had not Money to Bribe the Beadles, as Thieves and Pick-pockets do, so they did me all the spight they could; took away my Pen, Ink and Paper, and said they had Order to let me write nothing but what they must see it. They would not allow the Porters Man's Wife to make me a little clean Water Grewel in a Morning, nor to bring me Water to wash my hands. My Friends, for the most part, they kept from me when I was in my Chamber, and sometimes took the Names, and Examined all that came near me, pretending they had Sir *Robert Jefferies's* Order for so doing; in plain, I thought I was down right to be murdered, and by a stratagem, I got a Pen and Ink, and writ to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Tottingham*, to my Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, and to Sir *Robert Jefferies*, complaining of this Usage, and my heavy Irons. Upon which my Pen and Ink was restored, my heavy Irons were changed, to a single light one, and I had reasonable Privilege

vilege allowed me. I kept daily to my hard Labour, and passed my time as chearfully as I could. Some would have it that I got Money by being there, and that I lived at a high Rate. But I do solemnly declare, that I had not Twenty Shillings given me in all the time I was in *Bridewell*. 'Tis true, Gentlemen would sometimes send for a Bottle, or Pint of Wine, and make me, and the Journey-men in the Shop, who let them in, drink and others, for that civility, would give them a small matter of Money; but I had none, altho' I know the World thinks I had. Then as for my Dyet it is well known, that I seldom, or not above three or four times exceeded Twelve penny worth of Meat for my Dinner, altho' others commonly eat with me, and sometimes I had not Money to buy a Dinner, but was forced to borrow of the Journey-men in the Shop. I had sometimes a little Diversion, by hearing the comical Cases and Stories of the Prisoners, altho' I had none of their Company after the first Night in my Chamber, until about a Month before I came away. We had once a Boy sent thither of about twelve or thirteen Years of Age for picking up a Whore and giving her half a Crown to lye with her. There was a Penny-Post-Man put in by his Wife for his lying with his Wive's own Daughter, and getting her with Child; abundance of Apprentices for beating their Masters, and lying out Nights. But sure I am, that many Prentices are Ruined by conversing there with the Pickpockets, who are such Impudent Wretches, that it is impossible to describe them. They glory in their Shame, and young Lads hearing how easily they live, are often drawn to sociate with them

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which is, no doubt, a Prejudice to many Masters, as well as Servants, in this City. I remember there was a Lad of about Eighteen Years old, committed for a very small Misdemeanor, and was lodg'd with the Thieves, he was so taken with their Brags of Roguery, and easy picking of Pockets, that he said there, *he would follow the Trade as soon as he came out*, and being set at liberty in the time of *Bartholomew Fair* he there went to Practice accordingly, but was soon found out, and severely Beaten and Pump'd for his Reward, but more we heard not of him. We had a very famous Pick-pocket one *John Farlow*, who was there, at one time, seven Weeks, and being Whipt and freed, came in again in less than a Week, and several of them were out, and in again, two or three times, during my staying there; and these Rogues are much encouraged, in their Practices, by the conniving of the Beadles, who, to say no worse as they deserve, are great Favourers of them. But poor Prentices, and such as have no Money, and are not Pentioners when abroad, (as Pick-pockets have many things to dispose of) are used without mercy. It is impossible the Court should know all the Transactions of their Servants, and it were well if this matter were strictly look'd into, and regulated.

But to return to my own Adventures: When I had been there about three weeks, several of the Prisoners, and those that were obnoxious, by reason of the sad Condition they were in with Vermin, some had the Pox, and the like; but these being Discharg'd, except two or three of the cleanest. I resolv'd to go to Church, and rather bear with the Inconveniencies of the Place I was

to

to fit in, and the Company, than omit performing so great and necessary a Duty; and accordingly I was conducted by the Keeper, who order'd the Thieves not to come near me, for it seems that it was a common thing with them, to pick the Pockets of any new Prisoner that was not of their Gang. The Fellows shew'd me more than usual respect, and when they began to talk and Swear, in their Discourse, in the time of Divine Worship, at my request they would keep silence: I was, by their indifferent Behaviour encourag'd to go to Church constantly twice a day, for two or three Sundays. But the number of Prisoners increasing, they grew so intolably rude that I could endure them no longer. I am sorry I have cause to relate it, but true it is that in Prayer time, when they were (some of them) on their Knees, they would Swear, and tell bawdy Stories, others would be pissing in the Place, and one Fellow easing his Body then in Sermon time, put his Excrement in another Prisoner's pocket. The Beadle, indeed, sits upon the Stairs in the Chapel, which are near the Prisoner's Hole, and he might hear, and see them did he not, for the most part, sit sleeping and snoring, both in Prayer and Sermon time. I am fine, I was oblig'd to keep my Chamber on *Sundays* the remaining part of the time.

When I had been there about a Month, I had the fortune to be severely Bang'd by my Task-Master Mr. *Waldos*, which occasion'd some Discouragement in the World, and therefore I crave leave to insert it at large. I have told you before the time of the Prisoners Working is, from Six in the Morning until Six at Night, and a *Monday* more

ng I got up, and was ready a little after Five,
 for my Irons that I wore Day and Night were
 very troublesom, and with much difficulty I got
 my Clothes on and off : The Hospital Clock
 went, that morning, half an Hour too fast, and
 struck Six, when it was really but half an hour
 after Five ; however I, and my Companions,
 were set to Work, and about the hour of Nine,
 the same morning, the Clock stood still until past
 ten, and was then set half an Hour too slow,
 which occasion'd my desiring Mrs. *Strabridge*,
 the Woman that fetch'd my Diet) to go to the
 books for my Dinner, when it was but half an
 hour past an Eleven by the House-Clock, for that
 went half an Hour too slow ; however I did not
 wait until the said Clock struck Twelve, then, as
 usual, we rested an Hour, and afterwards went
 to hard Work until all the neighbouring Clocks
 had struck Six ; and there being a very great
 crowd of Spectators in the Yard, they saw it was
 all Six by the Sun Dial, and many called out,
Why don't you leave Work, and several Gen-
 tlemen standing by me pull'd out their Watches,
 and all said it was past Six : However, I work'd
 on, until Mr. *Norman* the Turnkey, or
 Porter's Man came for me, as he did every Night
 at that time, and put me into the Prison where I
 lodged, and he under Mr. *Hempson* had the Charge
 of me at his coming into the Shop. Mrs. *Waldoe*,
 the Arch, or Task-Masters Wife, told him and
 me that I must not leave Work until the Clock
 struck Six, and that wanted half an Hour. I re-
 ply'd, that it was but half an Hour past Five
 when I came to work, and the Clock went then
 too fast, but now as much too slow ; all about

me confirmed that it was past Six by the Sun, and other Clocks ; but she said I must not leave Work and began to call me sawcy Fellow, and Rogue and Rascal, her usual Language to Prisoners. But I kept on working like a Madman, and she her scolding (her most natural Faculty) for she served her Apprenticeship to her Uncle in the Shop, and not many Years ago was very Intimate with any of the Thieves being young Fellow and has learnt all her paces, tho' now she is grown fat and proud. At last being urged by her ungovernable Tongue, I told her plainly that I would Complain the next Court-Day ; that I had a Letter to the President from a Person of Quality in favour of me, considering I was then sick and weak, my Hands all blistered, and my Leg swelled above my Knee, occasion'd by standing at work and lying a Nights in my Iron) and I hoped the Court would then instruct both her and me in our Duty, for I knew it was not required that I should work more than the usual time. Upon this she flew off her Seat in a mighty rage, and up the stairs she trips to her Husband, who was drinking strong Ale with several others ; she, it seems, tells him I threatned her, and had a Letter : Down he, and his Gang, comes, and tho' he squinted with his Eyes, and is purblind, his Face looked red, as full Moon, and his first Salutation to me was, *What's the matter, you Dog, you Rogue, you Villain?* and such like Names he hurried out, until his Breath was spent, mean while I had leisure to say, *I would work no longer than the Law has Ordered,* but he swore D——m me, I should work until the House-clock struck Six, altho' I should not strike until Six next Morning. I told

him if his Power was so great and Arbitrary, I must complain to my Lord Chief Justice ; *Ay, you Dog, says he, will you Complain,* with that his Drunken Friends, especially one *Harris*, a Drunken Bell-weather, cried out, *Beat the Dog, ay, cries Clif,* and another young Jack-straw, *Beat him, Knock him down ; Beat out the Dog's Brains,* and then Mr. *Waldoe*, with a large Oaken Stick, began to lay me on stoutly, crying, *Complain you Dog, do, take that, and that, and that ; you writ a Complaint, you Dog, to the General Attorney 'tother day, did you, you Rogue for your Pains, take that, and that, that, that, that, and that ;* he broke my Head in several Places. Then *Harris*, and his Friends, cry'd still, *Give the Rogue more, Knock him down, down, down, search his Pockets, and take his Papers.* So down I was knock'd, and *Waldoe* and *Harris*, with others, pickt my Pockets, but I got my Letter into my mouth, and tore it to pieces. I receiv'd in all about 35 Blows, the People all crying out, *What, will they murder the Man ?* And truly I thought they design'd no less ; my Side was as black, with his Blows, as my Hat, from my Arm-pit to my Hip, my Arms were all over black, blue and yellow, and I was not able, in two hours, hardly to move them : The Blood settled in my side, and I was forced to be Blooded several times. I was in a Fever withall, and notwithstanding this merciless Fellow would have had me down to work the *Wednesday* following, but my Keepers knew I was not able to stand ; and tho' all the marks of Sicknes and Lameness were visable, yet this

Fellow, and his Crew, gave it out, that I dissembled.

The next *Friday* was Court-day, and *Waldoe* perceiving I had a design to Complain, he desired the Surgeon's Man, who is a *Jack*, to speak as much in his favour as he could, which the other was very ready to do. But when the Court sat, I was sent for, and led up, not being able to walk with out help. I was called, and desired to declare how it came to pass, and what occasion *Waldoe* had to abuse me; I was very brief and modest in my Account, which *Waldoe* was call'd in to Answer: But he had little to say, only stamering, urg'd, that it was not Six-a-Clock, and his friend *Harris*, and others, stood in *Bridewell* Yard all that morning, to tell the Governours the same story. But I called the Porter, and his Man, and could have had twenty Witnesses more, if need had been, to prove the truth of my Assertions. But he, in his defence, plainly shewed his Guilt and Malice. Then the Surgeon was hear'd, but could not disallow that I was Bruised, and that my side had put me to much misery. The Stick was call'd for, at which *Waldoe* look'd very blank, for it was broke almost in shatters, and handed round the Court, and adjudg'd to be a very unfit Weapon to beat any Prisoner with, especially for no Cause, as the Court, after a Debate, was pleas'd to declare, it did appear fully to them, that *Waldoe* had no reason in the World to strike or abuse me, (but his Reasons, were, I presume, to oblige particular Persons, that would not appear to justify such unreasonable Inhumanity;) both he, and I, were Ordered to withdraw, and after some time

time he was Call'd in, and Reprimanded severely
 by the Court : Then I was called, and had leave
 to sit down, by reason of my weakness, and Sir
Robert Jefferies told me, the Court thought *Wal-*
doe had no occasion for Beating me, nor, in-
 deed, any reasonable pretence, and therefore
 had Order'd him to beg Pardon of the Court,
 and me : That he was to pay the Surgeon, and
 never more to strike me upon any Pretence what-
 ever; but if I did not perform my Duty he was
 to acquaint the Court with it, and they would
 Order, as they thought fitting. Then Sir *Robert*
 ask'd me if I was satisfied with the Order of
 the Court, I humbly thanked him, and the
 other Gentlemen, and said I was extreamly well
 satisfied, and chose much rather to forgive than
 to punish any that had abused me; that in par-
 ticular I forgave Mr. *Waldoe*. Then he was com-
 manded to ask my Pardon there, which he did,
 but so faintly, that several of the Governours
 could not hear him, for which reason he was
 oblig'd to raise his Voice, and speak those Words
 distinctly. And thus the Court having determi-
 ned the matter, I thank'd them for their goodness
 to me, and promised carefully to perform my
 duty, as required of me by my Sentence from
 the Court of *Queen's Bench*. I was carried back
 to my Bed, and did not work until *Monday* fol-
 lowing, nor was I in *Waldoe's* Shop until *Wednes-*
day, when he, and his Spouse, carried it tollerably
 vil (acording to their Nature.) But it seems
 she was in a mighty rage, when she heard her
 husband had ask'd my Pardon; she rent, cry'd
 and tore like a Mad Woman, and swore she had
 rather have given any Money, or that her Hus-
 band

band had been turn'd out of the Hospital, than he should have humbled himself to a Prisoner, however I work'd as hard as I could, and doing that they found no cause of Complaint against me, altho' they diligently waited for it. I paid the Surgeon's Man a Crown for bleeding me several times, but *Waldoe* did not so observe the Order of the Court, as to pay me again.

But *Bartholomew* Fair is coming on, and I purpose you shall know what variety of Company and Diversion that afforded me. The first from thence was a Pick-pocket, a Boy, that had been in *Bridewell* at my first coming, and it seems, was near taking my place in the Pillory at *Temple Bar* for having pickt a Pocket in the Crowd just as I was taken down, the Mob got the Spark up, and had almost put his Head in the Hole, but he being Burfen, shewed his Disaster, and was then, as he said, severely Pumpt, and let go; his Name is *John Hartly*, about Eighteen Years of Age, and belongs to a Gang of near twenty more, that walk *Fleetstreet* and *Cheapside* every Night to get Handkerchiefs or what ever comes in their way; they say, they commonly go by three and by four in a parcel, and like Birds of prey, are sharp for Game; but of these I have said enough, only I were well if the Justices Clarks were not such palpable Encouragers of these Vermin, for by their and the Beadles means, there is hardly one in ten of the Thieves sent to *Bridewell*, that are brought to a Justice, if they can procure a Guinea for Bribe: Sham Bail is taken, and the Trade goes forward, whoever that has Money may have the same advantage, and Mr. *Male* does hardly know (them, when Angels appear,) altho' he has seen

them 20 times before. I write this, not only as I have seen the Practice frequently, but several others observe, and plainly know the same.

One Night in *Bartholomew* Fair brought us fourteen or fifteen Whores and Rogues, the next Night almost the same number of Men and Women, and three of the Men being committed with their Mistresses, being a drinking together in a very familiar way at the Fair, were Order'd to hard Labour, and the next Morning were brought to the Blocks, which they did not like, but rail'd much against Whoring, and complain'd how hard it was to beat Hemp publickly, for playing civilly with a Lady; one of them, a young Fellow, is a Haberdasher of Hats, and lives near the *Royal Exchange*, the other was a Merchant's Book-Keeper, and the third a Gentleman; I really could not forbear Laughing, to see them strip, and pull their Napkins-Caps over their Faces, then cry a little. Then cries the Task-Master, *A Pox on ye, why don't you work, there; beat, beat hard, lift up your Beatles, or I'll noint you.* They, poor Souls, look'd very simply, beg for a Pen and Ink, and some body to go and fetch their Friends to bail them, which having obtain'd by a Bribe, a little time is allow'd them for scribbling; the Messengers go their way, and every minute they peep under their Caps, to see if their Deliverers were come; but not seeing them, they cry'd, then curst Fate, afterwards all Whores; but still the Word is, *Work, work there*, then said the Haberdasher, *Good Sir, spare me, my Hands blister already; why, says Waldoe, who the Devil sent for you hither?* Ay, cries his Wife, *when you come here you must work; look to 'em Harry, and don't let them be Idle:* Then

Then cries the Gentleman, D---m the Justice, my Hands are all over Raw: *Oh, Mr. Fuller, how did you endure it at first? Why, truly, but badly, but now you see I am an expert Workman;* and I was so indeed, and did as much work daily as any Prisoner. Abundance of Spectators came still to see me, so that these Men were so much the more exposed; but before Noon the Haberdasher's Friends in the City Bail'd him, and he Skipt for joy; the Gentleman sent to several of his old Acquaintance, who would not Bail him, nor know him in the place. At Noon the House Allowance was brought him for his Dinner, a good piece of Bread, six Ounces of sound Beef, a dish of Milk-porridge pour'd out of a great Pail; but poor Man, he could not eat, but rail'd still against Whores, and began to cry, until some Friends came and Treated him with Mum, whilst his Wife, with a Friend, went and got his Discharge. His Wife's first Salutation was diverting enough to the standers by, and not altogether displeasing to him, for he laugh'd for joy to see her, which I at first wonder'd at; but, in the conclusion, I found she was his chief deliverer, and, but, for her, he had staid. The Merchant's Clark staid all the next Night, until he could send to some Friends privately; he bore it the most chearful of the three, but was very sore and weary with his first day's labour. A little after Dinner-time he was Discharg'd the Second day; but all their Strumpets were left behind to cry, *Good Sir Robert Knock.* The next Court-day, I cannot descend to all particulars, but on Saturday Night we had a Tapster that liv'd at the Bull Inn in *Bishopsgate-street*, brought with his Mistress, as they were taken

en together in the Fair ; this Fellow made such
 howling and crying all that Night, and the next
 day, and exclaim'd so much against the Sin of
 Uncleanneſs, that I had hopes he would repent,
 and amend ; but after Evening Sermon, when
 the Beadel came to carry him before a Justice of
 the Peace, and having assur'd him of his In-
 terment, in his excess of joy fell a kissing the
 Maid of the House, and would fain have
 engag'd her, in a loving mood, to meet him that
 Night: He did get his liberty, but, as most Men
 do, left his Whore behind him. We had a Prin-
 ter, and a Book-binder there, and, I think some
 of all Trades, but mostly Smiths, and those Mar-
 ried Men, and put in by their Wives, for keeping
 a Women Company. A Tinker being there
 on the same Score, would not work being Drunk,
 so they put his Hands into a pair of Stocks made
 for that purpose, the Holes being small, the In-
 gin, or Stocks, is contriv'd to pinch the Wrist, so, that
 being shut close, the Blood, as they say, will
 start from your Fingers ends ; but this extreami-
 ty is used, only when Beating will not oblige
 them to work ; and this Tinker, a lusty young
 Fellow, and Drunk, was grown as sober and
 tame in half an hour, that he begg'd he might
 come out, and go to work, which he did, but
 swore to be reveng'd of his Wife, when out ;
 and she, poor Woman, for to mitigate his wrath,
 procur'd his Freedom in a short time. After the
 Fair was over, I was sometimes alone, but seldom
 so long, and amongst all the lookers on, that came
 to abuse me, none was more Impudent than a
 Friend of Sir John S---l, that Knight being one
 of my pretended Friends, who perswaded me
 E to

to publish Mr. *Jones's* Depositions, and other scandalous matter, against some Noblemen, which was the occasion of my Troubles, and he, and the rest, having heard that I had writ to a Minister of State, and discover'd their Villany, comes in a Coach to *Bridewell*, his Friends alight, come railing into the Shop, saying, Fuller, *What do you write to my Lord Nottingham, concerning Sir J---S---, and others*, I answer'd him, that if my Lord thought fit to let him know, he might, and all I should tell him, was, that what I writ to my Lord, and others, was truth, and I could prove it; upon this the Spark offered to draw his Sword on me, as I was at Labour, but was prevented and turn'd out of the Shop: And another Spark came one Morning, and struck me in the Shop, for which he was seiz'd, and carried before Sir *Robert Jefferies*, but the Clark knowing him, and any mischief to me, was a huge pleasure to the said Clark, who, as well as one Mrs. *Catherine*, an old Maid, bore me inveterate hate; but forasmuch as I had no satisfaction for this Abuse, I Petition'd the Court, and was heard, and Sir *Robert* promis'd me Satisfaction, and Protection from the like Insults, but I had no more than the bear promise, and was abus'd as bad as before. And just a Week before I left that House, I had an *Irish* Papist put to me, and lodg'd in the same Chamber; he was Committed for Stealing Tobacco; at his first coming he said he was born in *Herefordshire*, but he cried, *hub abo*, or *hulla Looe*, and saying his Prayers in Latin, I ask'd him if he could not say his *Avie Maria* in that Language, he replied, *Yes, faith can I, and in Irish and English too*. He was, I believe, a harmless

is Fellow, and very ignorant, and diverted every
 one that came near him with his *Irish* Sims; he
 was dreadful affraid of being Whipt, and had a
 strange Aversion to beating Hemp. He was Ac-
 cused, and I thought his over-joy had made
 him Mad.

Amidst the number of my curious Visitors, there
 was a Woman of about Fourscore Years of Age
 and upwards, who coming into the Hemp-Shop
 with two of her Grand Daughters: She said she
 came out of the Country, and had a mighty mind
 to see *William Fuller*, and desir'd to know which
 was he, and being shewed me, Hah! cries the
 Dame; is that the Fellow that heard Musick
 under Ground, ho? What, you are a fine Fellow;
 you was dainty Musick, I warrant you, what? And
 you turn'd Parson too, and defiled the Sacred
 Town, and runaway with a Man's Horse. What?
 you have two Wives; ho! a pretty Fellow, by
 your Troth; ho! What? You Cheated the Man of a
 hundred of Hey, and play'd Ten thousand such
 Tricks more. *Ho! ha, is it so? Are you the Man,*
the Book speaks of. Her Breath being at length
 spent, I got time to put in a Word, and ask'd
 how she knew I did all this. Know it, know
 quoth she, why, it is in Print, you Rogue;
 I saw it in a Book at our Town, and I am sure
 'tis truth, because 'tis in Print. Why, Sarrah,
 will you deny it. Then spoke *Richard Williams*,
 one of the Journy-men in the Shop. Go near
 him, Mother, he won't hurt you. No, not I,
 I cry'd, I am more afraid of him, than I was
 of the Elephant that I saw just now: However
 the good old Gentlewoman pluck'd out her Spec-
 tacles, and saddled her Nose, and looking at
 me;

me ; ha ! says she, *he's a good likely young Fellow very handsom, I vow ; Well, I will go to him then coming as fast as her two Legs and her Stick would carry her, with the advantage of her Prospects.* She gaz'd at me again, then took me by the Hand, and vow'd she would give me a Pot, then ask'd me over and over if I had done those things she read of me ; I told her solemnly I had not, and they were false. *Alas,* then says she, *how came they in Print then ?* one of her Grand-Daughters replied, *why, Grand Mother there is one J. Wilkins, a Printer in White Fryars, who will print as much of you, or the best Man in England, if he can get Six Pence by it ;* Nay, Grand Mother, *this Wilkins is such a Villain, that in his daily Practice he out-does the Rogueries, that he has ever printed out Charged Fuller, and others with.* Why, cries the old Dame, *if there be Printers that are Regues, the Lord have mercy upon us in the Country :* Well, *let Fuller be what he will, he has an honest Face, and I wish him well ; but if Lies be printed, what shall we do ? What shall we do ?* *Alas alas,* is Wilkins a Rogue. With this heavy Complaint she left me adding her Prayer and Blessing as she went out.

My Pennance there expiring on Saturday the 24th of October, I was brought to the Queen's Bench Bar at Westminster, and sent to the Prison in Southwark, for my Fine, being a Thousand Marks, and for other Debts. Where, as if my Punishment were too little, and I only made for the Man to whom no Pitty must be shewed, am loaded with Irons, tho' only a Prisoner for Debt. It is done by the Marshal, without any Order that I can hear of from a Superior Power.

I ha

I have petitioned, but am still in Irons, altho' my Enemies cannot say I have been rude, or offered to make an Escape, nor, in short, that I have given any just Cause for such cruel Usage. But, I hope the same Divine Goodness, which has hitherto preserved me, will yet be my Support, and grant me Patience until my Change come.

Postscript.

HAVING passed over the dismal Reflection of my Sufferings from my own promise, you may expect something in particular from me discovering the reason of so severe a Sentence, and the more terrible Execution. I must beg pardon that I am not so full in giving the particular Causes for both, as I might be, and if I were, I question whether I might gain credit, unless I produced my Credentials, which I could, and shew undeniably how, for ten years last, I have been deceived and deluded by some Men that call themselves *Whigs*, and Lovers of Liberty and Property; tho' since, my most dismal occasions have caused me to consider them more deliberately than before I did. I am now convinc'd that no Party, knowing them,

them, will contend for them; and, I believe,
 no honest sober Man would adhere to them.
Mr. Thomas Jones is the chief, and has a long
 time deceived me, which is owing to the
 Delusions of the rest, who confirm'd me in-
 to a Lethergy of believing all he said and
 writ. Two of them are Baronets, one a
 Doctor of Physick, the rest are Gentlemen,
 except the Author of the *Observer*, whose
 Writings are enough to Point out him with-
 out any other Character: But I know him
 to be a sour Discontented, Treacherous, de-
 signing Malignant, an Inveterate Enemy to
 to the Family of the *Stuarts*, an Assertor
 of every Doctrine that's contrary to that
 of the Establish'd Church, and is ready to
 stand up for *Atheism*, would his Acquaintance
 at the *Darby-Ale-House* join with him. Its
 hop'd other People will see through him,
 as I have done, though I don't wish 'em
 the same Fatal Experience. These were
 all sworn Enemies to the Right Ho-
 nourable the Earl of *Nottingham*, and sever-
 al other Worthy Noble Men, and made
 me their Tool to Abuse and Scandalize
 them; and to insnare me therein, contrived
 Writings, Passes, and what not, swearing
 they were true, and I should have forty
 Witnesses to prove them, when I could
 get a Protection from either of the Hou-
 ses

ses of Parliament, for all such Witnesses
 as I should produce. These Men, for
 two Years past, have been engaging me
 in that rash Action, and constrained me to
 print their Scandals in Mr. Jones's Name,
 and afterwards to trouble the House of Lords,
 for I was infatuated, and did believe what
 they promised me, and engaged me in, had
 been matter of Fact, and would have been
 sufficiently made out, when my business
 was before the Lords. These Men kept me
 from almost all Company but themselves,
 promised, and swore, to bring me off with
 Honour, and after the Lords committed
 me, I was yet deluded by them, until the
 House of Commons had Censured me also.
 When I saw my Error, when it was too late,
 not answering directly to several Questions
 demanded of me by both Houses. When
 my Business came first before the Lords, the
 author of the *Observer* was pleas'd to say
 before Mr. Prime, and others, at the *Three*
Tavern on Ludgate-hill, that he would
 give a Thousand Pounds (if he had it but
 the World) that my Business might mis-
 carry before the Lords, that the Commons
 might have an Opportunity to do me Right.
 Alas! I was in the Wrong, and whol-
 ly deluded; I lost the time of doing my
 Right, and exposing their Villany. But
 I have done; I take shame to my self, and
 humbly

humbly beg pardon of both Houses of Parliamen^t, for presuming to trouble them. And as for those Noble Lords, and others, whom I scandaliz'd by the Contrivance and Infatigation of these Men, I implore them to forgive me, I own my Sentence was just, and shall acquiesce under the Hardships of a close and cruel Confinement, shall bear with the Reproaches of those who were the occasion of my Miscarriages, till it shall please the Justice of this Nation to remember Mercy, or the time shall come when I shall be oblig'd to pay my Debts to the Queen, and my Fellow Subjects, in paying my Last and greatest Debt, which is that to NATURE.

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